

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## JAYHAWKERS.

### HOW A TRAVELER FELL INTO THEIR CLUTCHES.

Many years since I took a fancy to travel far beyond the region of railroads and steamboats into one of the new territories of the Southwest. My object was to see what could be done on a large scale in the way of trade.

It was toward the close of a fine Spring day that I rode up to the great barnlike tavern of one of those spread-out, pine board towns, of the far west, which grow up so rapidly in the path of emigration. A large group of rude looking men stood on the steps and seemed to be carefully criticizing me and comparing notes as I dismounted. I was conscious of nothing peculiar about me, except the generally smart and "natty" appearance of myself and animal. The latter was a splendid roadster that I had purchased in St. Louis, in fine condition, and with an action that would excite the admiration of any horse fancier. I was habited in a new suit, surmounted by a slouched hat, and completed by great top boots. My saddle and bridle were half military in their shape and trimmings, and had a valise and blanket roll strapped on behind. On the whole, I think almost any observer would have set me down for something more than a mere private citizen traveling on his own business.

I left my horse in care of the first man whom I met willing to take him, and, ordering my supper, walked about the unlighted barroom and finally took a seat and began to read a pamphlet that I had in my pocket. While I was thus engaged a great burly fellow came and stood in the doorway and deliberately stared at me.

"Good evening, sir," I said. "I should like to make a few inquiries. If you please, about the people here and through country, and?"

"Not of me, you won't!" was his rude rejoinder, and, he was gone before I could ask an explanation. I was a little nettled at such boorishness, still rather amused than annoyed. I should probably have thought no more of it, but for more of the same kind of treatment that I shortly experienced. A shock headed girl called me out to supper, and, finding a table abundantly spread with the substantial of life, I was appeasing my hunger vigorously when a wild, wolfish face, was thrust inside the door, and two staring eyes surveyed me closely.

"What's wanted?" I asked rather irritated by the repetition of such an attention. There was no answer, the head was withdrawn, and within the same minute I had the pleasure of seeing two more faces looking in upon me through one of the windows.

"What do those people mean?" I asked of the girl who waited on me. She shook her head, but there was an expression on her face that informed me that she did know and that she pitied me. I was beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable; my appetite was spoiled before it was half appeased, and I resolved on the spot to continue my journey that night rather than remain in such an inhospitable place.

I rose from my chair and put down three silver dollars on the table.

"That's for my supper and the horse's feed," I said to the girl, "and you may keep the rest yourself. Now, please tell them to bring the horse around right off, for I must be gone."

I shall never forget the look of pain and pity that was shown at that moment by the face of that rude, homely girl.

"They won't give you the horse," she said shortly.

"Won't give me my own horse?" I echoed. "And why not, pray?"

"Hush!" she said, laying her hand firmly on my mouth. "Don't be making a noise. If they should think you suspected it, they would do it now."

Now, although I had no idea of the full import of her startling words, yet there was a hideous suggestion in them that fairly made my flesh creep.

"For heaven's sake tell me what you mean!" I said faintly. "I can't account for the actions of

these people. What do they mean, and what am I to do?"

"I hoped I should see no more bloodshed," the girl said, looking sadly and wearily into my face. Then she put her hand on my shoulder and continued fiercely: "It's all your own fault. Why did you come here? Any fool in Jefferson could have told you what they'd do if you came here."

"What do they take me for?" I asked, a suspicion of the truth breaking upon me.

"For just what you are, of course," she said coldly—"the marshal, come to serve writs of arrest."

"They are mistaken; you are all mistaken," I protested. "I am not a marshal, nor an officer of any kind. I am merely a merchant, traveling on my own business."

She looked at first incredulous, but I continued to assure her of my real character, and she, seeing my sincerity, soon believed me.

"But you can't make them believe it," she quickly added. "The last marshal that was here was dressed and mounted just like you, and that question you asked Aleck Maxwell made 'em sure you're the same kind. The truth is," and she lowered her voice, "there's a great many horse thieves and cattle stealers in this county—the people are pretty much up to it—and there's dozens of 'em sworn never to let an officer go out of the county alive."

"What did they do to the marshal you speak of?" I asked, with a cold shiver.

"Well, they just hung him to that live oak across the road and buried him under it."

"Good heaven! But I'm not a marshal; I wouldn't harm a man in the country if I could!"

She shook her head.

"It's no use, stranger," she said. "They won't believe you; your looks belie everything you say. They'll serve you the same way. Can't I escape?" I asked, in a perfect agony of terror. "Get my horse and let me go!"

"It's no use; they'd kill me if I got your horse for you. Here!" She softly opened a door and pointed out. "It's a slim chance for life, but it's your only one. Take to the woods, and may heaven have mercy on you! Don't stop to thank me—go!"

I waited for no second invitation, but cleared the house and plunged into the woods unobserved. I ran without stopping for some time, and then unexpectedly found myself in the highway that I had traveled two hours before, with the village visible a mile away. The truth was I had cut off a great corner of the woods in my flight, and, the road turning, I had thus struck it.

It was now almost twilight, but a shout warned me that I was discovered, and the sound of furious galloping broke on my ear. I was too much exhausted to fly farther, even if that could have done any good. I dropped down behind the trunk of a huge tree and desperately awaited my fate. I had my pistols with me, and I resolved that I would not be lynched without a struggle.

A dozen horsemen rode up to within a few yards of where I lay and, separating, rode hither and thither about the skirts of the woods. The hoof of one of the horses once brushed my leg, but I lay quiet and was not discovered, though I lay trembling. Soon the party gathered for a consultation, and, with plenty of curses on my devoted head, they agreed that I must have taken to the woods again, but that I could not be far off.

By common consent they dismounted, hitched their horses and, dividing into two parties, plunged into the woods on each side of the road. I waited, with beating heart until they had gone so far that I could not distinguish their voices, thought I could see the flashing of the lanterns they had lighted, and then I stole forth from my concealment.

What was my surprise and delight to discover my own gallant steed hitched with the others, with portmanteau and blankets strapped to the saddle. In the act of mounting him a sudden thought occurred to me, and I acted on it promptly. I had a sharp pocket-knife and a minute sufficed to cut every saddle girth and bridle.

Then I mounted my horse and put him to a gallop which I never allowed him to slacken for five miles. I traveled over 20 miles farther, and never halted until I had found the sheriff of the adjoining county and put myself under his protection. He heard my story and said:

"A pretty close thing, my friend. They'd have hung you at sight if they'd laid hands on you. But you're safe now; they won't venture over here. I've got warrants for the arrest of more than half of them, and they know it."

I never learned that they were able to make any pursuit that night, but I should think not, after the situation I had left them in.—*New York News.*

## A YULETIDE JOURNEY.

BALTIMORE'S TROLLEY TANGLE—AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD—WASHINGTON—BACK TO OLD POINT COMFORT.

We will pull our Christmas "blow off" to-day and not wait until next July to do it. It isn't "journalism" for the JOURNAL to publish news six months old. We use the "blue pencil" ourselves freely. When some Aleck from the backwoods—or, more properly speaking, the backwater, for there's nothing but water hereabouts nearly as far as the eye can see—sends in an item in September concerning the visit of Mr. Timothy Hay to the Widow Weeping Willow last May, we have an irresistible feeling of getting a gun and going a-hunting—not for squirrels, you bet.

Since writing the above, we've set down to a 9 o'clock breakfast of stinging coffee and hot backwater cakes, with generous slices of butter between each—said butter bearing the trade mark of "S. P. Mann, Stanton, Va.," the same grocer we dealt with half a dozen years ago, when we helped to swell the crowd on the main corner when the circus went by and, kept company with the night owls and ghosts in the wee sma' hours, when the funny-shaped moon took a short somersault over the crest of Betsy Bell, and sometimes "hit" the 4 A. M. west bound "Fast Flying Virginian." New York to Cincinnati, without change, from which at times alighted Prof. E—, who, when asked where he hailed from, innocently replied "Fishersville," but we were not that ignorant of the schedules and movements.

Professor Stephenus Clarenceus Jones asked a bright pupil "what is a pigeon covered with," and got the prompt answer, "with air." The Goodson refrains from saying if Supt. B-wles then declared another half day holiday!

## A HOLIDAY TRIP.

In company with our better half, we left Old Point Comfort Saturday night, December 22d, (after ten days of probably the hardest work we ever went through—when some printers will insist upon loading up on before-Christmas liquor, getting stubborn or unwilling to work when they know there is no one about to take their shoes—with self and half a printer we had just gotten up and mailed the holiday issue of the journal with which we are connected), boarding the Old Bay Liner steamer for Baltimore. An hour or so afterwards, tired of the monotony on board, we were soon calmly sleeping in our state-room, with not an interruption until the Monumental City was in sight next morning. Leaving the steamer about 9 A. M., we had soon "held up" the police force (not at the point of the regulation pistol) to inquire the route to Camden Station, and after transferring about over the seemingly complicated street car system, found ourselves at our destination—only four squares from where we embarked! (Next time we go to Baltimore, we will let the police alone.) At Camden Station, finding we would have six hours nearly to wait for our train, we consulted a City Directory, just what for we are now unable to recall, as when we turned over its pages, we know we were looking for some deaf fellow's address, but, to save our neck, we couldn't remember what was his name, although we had seen him dozens of times, knew him well, and had last met him only six weeks be-

fore! Later we recalled that his name was H. S. Anderson—but we had decided to quit Baltimore at once and spend the time between trains in Washington City, where we wouldn't have to consult the police force and city directories, as the United States Capitol was sufficiently high to be seen from Gallaudet College on the east to Georgetown on the west, and we couldn't lose our bearings if we tried to. So we were soon speeding over the fifty miles on a no-stop-between "Royal Limited," and in forty-five minutes found ourselves mingling with Congressmen, Senators, lobbyists, porters, and such other high dignities in the well-known B. & O. depot. Checking our grips, we took a five-minute walk to see Mrs. Cady Burton, who was the red-checked, romping, Miss Katie Painter, when we were "monarchs of all we surveyed" in the High Class, and she was a wee bit of a girl just beginning to go to school. We spent two hours very pleasantly at "The Burton," the fashionable private boarding house kept by Mr. Burton. Among their thirty-odd boarders are two Congressmen, with their families. Mr. and Mrs. Burton has a beautiful little daughter, not yet cutting her teeth. Returning to the B. & O. depot, our signs attracted the attention of a gentleman and lady sitting nearby. The gentleman, using the sign language, asked who we were. It turned out that he was a brother of Mr. Egbert Kaufman, of Newport News, on his way with his wife to his old home near Luray, Va. So we were fellow passengers on a west bound express.

The conductor, when questioned, shook his head and signified we could make no close connections at Shenandoah Junction with south bound Norfolk and Western train. But we did not make known to him our thoughts just then as to his knowledge of schedules, although a railroad man himself, all resplendent in gold cord, five stripes of which were on his left arm, each stripe signifying five years of service as conductor—25 years all told. Alighting from his train at the Junction, behold there stood our south bound Norfolk and Western train! Next time we meet that ticket-puncher we'll give him a cigar (although we don't smoke ourselves) and refresh his memory on schedules. An hour's ride put us at our old home station—the station where twenty years ago we, for the first time, tearfully bade the home folks good-bye, when we were about to make our first journey to Staunton to enter the Institution, pictures of which we had seen and about which we had read in the *Goodson Gazette*, copies of which had weekly been sent to us by a former music teacher of the school—Mrs. Kate H. Jolliffe, wife of a blind gentleman, who had been a pupil before the Civil War, and to whom we had sold discarded broomsticks at two cents apiece before we became a member of the "silent brotherhood."

A drive of half an hour over probably the finest pike in the State, brought us to the old homestead, and after the usual joyful greetings of returning prodigal sons at yuletide, midnight found us wrapped in the arms of Morpheus in the same room wherein we had first seen the light of day twenty-eight years ago. The five days spent at the old home will not interest JOURNAL readers. Suffice it to say that dinners at the family board and outside invitations placed the great American bird—the turkey—before us every day. The night before we were to make our return journey, at a Sunday School entertainment, we met Miss Mattie Williams and her sister, Miss Marion—who was visiting her—both daughters of Prof. Thomas Jefferson Williams, the writer of the "Declaration of Independence" for every deaf boy and girl in Virginia, who has passed through the Staunton School, within the past twenty-five or thirty years. And right well he has written it, as is attested by the large number of successful men and women, who passed through his hands. Miss Mattie Williams is now spending her second session in

Clarke County, Va., as private teacher to a little deaf boy. Both the daughters are handsome young ladies. Miss Marion was a small girl, when we were residents of Staunton, and, by permission of her kind mother, spent the nights with our better half while we attended to the "owl business" for the city's daily morning newspaper. So we turn back the leaves of time and recall little acts of kindnesses at unexpected moments.

Saturday morning, December 29th, found us back at Shenandoah Junction. We had learned at the old home that Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bear were then residents of this place. Some months before we had learned that their only son, Mr. H. A. Bear, Jr., was connected with the railway depots there. We soon found him and he piloted us to his parents' residence. Mr. and Mrs. Bear are looking very well. They will, in all probability, take charge of the hotel building at the Junction in the spring, and run it for the accommodation of travellers, summer boarders from Washington and Baltimore, and transients generally. They have with them three children of Mrs. Annie Compton. She will graduate next summer from a Philadelphia hospital as a physician. Miss Hattie Bear is charmed with her position at the Hartford, Conn., School for the Deaf, where she has been for two sessions or more. Mrs. Loose, the other daughter, is living in a Pennsylvania town, where her husband is a prominent lawyer.

Shenandoah Junction is the crossing point of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Shenandoah Valley Division of the Norfolk & Western. It is in Jefferson County, W. Va., about five miles west of Harper's Ferry, famous as the place of John Brown's raid, and probably the birthplace of the great civil strife of 1861-65. Some Northern man, with more money than good sense, has erected in plain view of the car window a monument to Brown, which if it had been erected a little distance further South would not now be standing.

Reaching Washington and making a prompt connection, we were soon passing an imposing brown stone-front building, which we remarked to our better half we had seen before but couldn't recall what it was, when suddenly we remembered we were speeding by Gallaudet College! There wasn't a soul in sight—everybody was probably asleep at 12:30 Monday! Baltimore being reached, before 1:30 P. M., we had five hours to loaf before boat time. We declined to pay any attention to policemen and asked our own self the way. We explored Baltimore Street, Lexington, Charles, Calvert; dodged street cars on the narrow streets outside of an Egyptian City; thought about "Myrtle" of the JOURNAL staff, and wondered if he (or she) lived at the magnificent Hotel Rennett; explored Posner's from top to bottom—Baltimore's Wauwau-maker—and even surged with the crowd through the market on the Lexington Street hill. It was Saturday afternoon and thousands of ladies, carrying small baskets, were out marketing for the Sunday dinner. This was a novelty to us. We generally go to market, make our selections and order them delivered without further thought.

Boat time being near, loaded up with bargains, souvenirs and grips, we wended our way to the wharf, declining to do any more street car business when every thing important seemed to be within a square or two of one another. Arising at 5 A. M., pulling the shutter open, there greeted us the red light of the Fort Monroe lighthouse, and ten minutes later we landed at Old Point—home again. RITTER.

Jan 6, 1901

The devil is the father of every doubt.

Where the heart sinks the hand cannot succeed.

No case is so shameful as when a man loses shame.

The showers of blessing always follow the clouds of darkness.

Death is an incident and not an interruption of life's progress.

## FANWOOD.

### Eighth Oral Grade Entertains the F. L. A.

### CADET-OFFICERS' CANDY PARTY

### News of and about Fanwood.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Master Walter E. Kadel arrived home Thursday evening in company with his mother, for the Christmas vacation of two weeks. Walter, who is attending school at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is now in the senior department of the school, and was transferred the beginning of the term from the infant department to the main building, and he wears the natty, attractive grey uniform of the Institution. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kadel, are proud of the remarkable improvement their interesting little boy is making in grasping the sign work of this model institution.—*Port Jervis Press.*

The Eighth Oral grade entertained the Fanwood Literary Association, Saturday evening, January 12th, in the chapel of the Institution. The first on the programme was a reading entitled "A Brave Woman," by Miss Ida Bucher. They followed a debate on the question, "Resolved, That it is right for the nations to attack China?" Cadets Frank Fluhr and Adolph Berg were on the Affirmative side while the Negative was represented by Cadets Charles Brewer and Samuel Dyer. The judges on the debate were Misses Louise Turner and Carrie Van Valkenberg and Cadet Harry Powell.

The debate was hotly contested, and the audience was doubtful which side would win. They were relieved of their doubts when the chairman ascended the platform, and announced that the decision was in favor of the Negative side, by 21 to 17. The debate was followed by a reading, "A Neglected Child," by Miss Mary Tanzas; a dialogue by Misses Jennie Bolender and Georgina Dosssee. The meeting was closed by a reading, "Flax Leavings," by Miss May Hoffman. The meeting was of much interest, and credit is due to the Eighth Oral Grade for their good work.

Saturday night after chapel, the cadet-officers enjoyed themselves with some sort of a candy party. Each one of the cadet-officers bought some candy—sufficient for all. Then when they went to their rooms, Samuel Dyer called them to another room and treated all to the sweetmeats. W. Renner told them to come in a hurry to the other room, where they received another treat. Thus they were called from room to room, and in turn, by H. Powell, A. Stern, and the rest of the officers, treated to enough of "toothache producers" to start them in business in the confectionery line.

After this was over, the older members ordered the younger ones to their room, while they hid some candy. The younger ones were then called and told to hunt for the candy, if they wanted any. The elders went in their room and mixed up the bed clothes of each bed, guessing what the youngsters would say when they saw their beds mixed up. By and by, as no one came in, they began to wonder what had happened. One of them, A. Reiff, ventured out, and down on his head came a basket and window pole, which so scared him, that he ran for his life to the next room. There he was surprised to find his own and the other beds in confusion. The youngsters never went in search for the candies, but thought it was fun to confuse the beds. Well, they were dismayed to find their own in the same condition when they went there to sleep. The beds in both rooms were restored to their former condition and soon everybody was slumbering peacefully as if nothing had ever happened.

Cadets A. Berg and W. Hefferman enjoyed a visit to the Brooklyn

Navy Yard, Saturday, two weeks ago.

Mr. Bert Garriss, of Newark, N. J., has been appointed as boys' tutor.

The Institution is having its new supply of coal put into the coal bins under the trades schools.

Mr. Rennie Jackson, of Albany, N. Y., and a former pupil here, was a caller Friday.

First Sergeants Dyer and Stern went to see "The New 8 Bells," two weeks ago in Brooklyn.

This disease known as the grip, has been unusually prevalent all over the country this winter. Our school is suffering from it, but not as much as other places. Among the victims in this school are night supervisor W. L. Hanson, engineer Jos. Banks, master of carpenter shop, Edward Clearwater, and Institution painter Harry Cooke.

Mr. Woodfield, tutor of the boys, has been acting as night supervisor for a few nights this week.

Mr. James Worcester was a guest of Mr. Roe Wilcox last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Anton Suk was a caller here on Saturday.

Messrs. Robert McVea and A. Baxter visited the Institution last week.

Monday night snow fell to the extent of a quarter of an inch.

The natal days of Cadets Stern and Zwoffe came off during the past week. The cadet-officers gave them each a warm reception, which were rather cold on them.

Mr. Fox was presented with a fine Waterman fountain pen by one of his classes, the Junior Academic, two week ago.

The effects of the recent vaccination at Fanwood are not all over. Several pupils have to go to the hospital to have them attended to. Misses Haumer and Smith are now attending to their duties after being in bed nearly two weeks.

The girls donned their new uniforms for the first time last Sunday.

Tutors Wesley Van Tassel and Henry Woodfield went to see the basketball game in Yonkers, between the All New York and 4th Separate Co. teams.

Those remaining at the Institution Saturday afternoon, went to the gymnasium and killed time playing games of basketball.

## Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointments.

SATURDAY, Jan 19.  
7:30 P. M.—Amsterdam.  
10:30 A. M.—Trinity, Union.  
8:00 P. M.—Zion Ch., Rome.  
7:45 P. M.—St. Paul's, Syracuse.  
MONDAY, Jan 21.  
7:30 P. M.—St. John's, Onondaga.

A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs—Beecher.

## GALLAUDET HOME FOR DEAF-MUTES.

THE carefully prepared plans for the new building on the old site, to be fire-proof and adapted to the needs of fifty inmates, each having a separate room, call for \$48,400 to complete the structure with its inside wood and iron work.

The Building Fund now amounts to \$48,150.38. Ten thousand (\$10,000) dollars more will be needed for heating, plumbing, lighting and incidentals. Much work has been accomplished, but the building will not be finished before next Summer.

## Donations may be sent to:—

Mr. Walter S. Kemerys, Treasurer, 7 East 62d Street, New York City.  
Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 587 West 145th Street, New York City.  
Mr. E. A. Hodgson, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.  
Mr. F. L. Sellney, Deaf-Mutes' Register, Rome, N. Y.  
Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, 11 Mason Street, Rochester, N. Y.  
Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the Hudson, N. Y.

or to the undersigned, 112 West 78th Street, New York City,

THOMAS GALLAUDET,  
General Manager of  
The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, incorporated in 1872, the Society to which the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes belongs.



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Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

It is said that Superintendent Dawes, of the Nebraska Institution, is about to sever his connection with that school. There are several candidates for the position, but who will get it can not be foretold. What is the matter with Gillespie? He is all right.

ACCORDING to the California News, the authorities of the Pan American Exhibition are to bring Douglas Tilden's group of Saturday, "The Foot Ball Players," from Paris, to exhibit in Buffalo the coming summer. Tilden's talent as a sculptor is being recognized more and more, as years go by. He has won success by depicting it.

There is but one straight road to success, and that is merit. The man who is successful is the man who is useful. Capacity never lacks opportunity. It can not remain undiscovered, because it is sought by too many anxious to utilize it. A capable man on earth is more valuable than any precious deposit under the earth, and the object of a much more vigilant search. Whoever undertakes to build a house, to cultivate a farm, to work a mine, to obtain relief from pain, to maintain a legal controversy, or to perform any function of civilized life, is actively searching for other men qualified to aid him. To appreciate the thoroughness of the search, it is necessary only to realize the number of persons engaged in all these pursuits and undertakings throughout the world. From such a search, no form of ability can remain concealed. If the possessor of capacity sought to hide himself, he would be discovered and induced to employ his ability for the benefit of those who need it.

To be successful, then, one has but to qualify himself thoroughly for some occupation. Every man has some natural aptitude. In these days, the training by which natural aptitude is developed into effective ability can be obtained by every youth. No man can hope to be the best in any field of labor, but everyone can hope to be among the best. Time occupied in worrying about opportunities, openings, and starts, is time wasted, because, to every capable man, "start" and "opportunity" are always furnished by the necessities of all other men.—W. Bourke Cockran in Success.

The following is an excerpt from an article in the *British Deaf Monthly*:

We have all read the story of the Loadstone Mountain, the attraction of which was so great that, when a vessel came too near, the iron nails were drawn out of their fastenings and the timbers that were once a ship became mere flotsam and jetsam on the water. So will it ever be with the great body of the deaf in this matter of speech and speech reading. In school they will read from the practised lips of their teachers with a fluency and precision little short of miraculous to strangers, while out in the world they will, after a longer or shorter trial, give up the effort and be content, and happy too, to pass as deaf and dumb, reserving their speech and lip-reading for their own family and intimate friends. This is no fancy picture. There are many of the adult deaf who can tell how, on leaving an oral school,

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

## A Week of Society Elections.

## GREEK LETTER FRATERNITY.

## A Week's Doings at Gallaudet.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The work of the second term is now under full headway, and every body seems busy, except those—and there are several of them—who are on the sick list, thanks to the grip. Many have colds who are not laid up.

There were more elections held during the week. The athletic association met in special meeting on Wednesday, but on motion it was changed into the regular semi-annual meeting. The officers are: Pres., Nichols, '01; Vice-Pres., Painter, '02; Sec'y, Allen, '03; Treas., Cameron, '04; Foot Ball Manager, Northern, '02. Painter, '02, was chosen base ball scorer for the third time. Twenty-five or thirty candidates were accepted for the base-ball and track teams, respectively.

It was voted to give a "gym" exhibition for the benefit of the treasury of the association, which is sorely in need of funds to begin the preparations for spring athletics. The date of the exhibition as well as all the arrangements therefor, was left to a committee of five, one member from each of the five classes in College.

The S. N. D. C. semi-annual meeting was held last week. The new officers are: Norris, '01, Pres.; Barham, '04, Vice-Pres.; Winemiller, '04, Sec'y; Friedman, '04, Treas. Committee on Play, Norris, '01, Stroug, Painter and Schneider, '02, and Flick, '03. Committee on Arrangements, Barham, '04, Winemiller, Friedman and Mather, '04, and Meunier, I. C.

The club is to give two plays during the term, admission fees to be charged, for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The dates of the plays will be February 9th and March 9th, respectively.

The *Kappa Gamma* Fraternity held a meeting Friday. Four members who were not present at the first meeting took the oath of secrecy. The names of eleven members of the Freshman class were presented as candidates, for admission. Seven were accepted, four rejected. The other members of the class were not candidates as they have conditions in some of the studies of the Introductory year.

Some additional paragraphs were added to the constitution, one of which provides that the offices of Grand Rahjah and Abbat Tikoth can only be held by Seniors. Allen, '03, who had been elected to the latter office, had previously resigned in order that the change might be made. The election of a successor to him will be made by the Board at the next meeting.

The question of Alumni membership has not yet been taken up. The members do not know just what the alumni desires. Most of them were honorary members of the old Societies which were dissolved by the students, and it is likely that they may desire the same privilege, or honor, in the new organization. But it is suggested by a member of the Rules Committee that every Alumnus who is interested in the matter write to the Tahdheed, giving his views and desires in this regard. It may be possible, is even being seriously considered, to give them regular, or honorary membership, just as they prefer, the only difference being that the one will have a voice and vote and will have to pay dues, the other will not. It strikes the writer forcibly that it would be a good thing if they should become regular—that is, active—members. Then a strong society could be built up which could do much for its members, both alumni and undergraduates, and also for the College. It would bring professors, alumni and undergraduates closer together, and thus encourage a spirit of fraternal and brotherly friendship all round.

The girls have been holding elections, too, during the past week. Here are some of the results:—

O. W. L. S.: President, Miss Norton, '01; Vice-President, Miss Postel, '02; Secretary, Miss Zell, '02; Treasurer, Miss Fitzgerald, '03; Critic, Miss Stout, '01; Librarian, Miss McPhail, '01.

Reading Room: Chairman, Miss Stout, '01; Secretary, Miss Hutchinson, '03; Treasurer, Miss McGregor, '02; Librarian, Miss Finch, '03; assistant, Miss Hall, I. C.

Saturday was Prof. Porter's 91st birthday. The girls, as usual, gave him a beautiful bouquet of carnations and roses.

Carpenter, '02, has fared worse than the others who are on the sick list. He is in the hospital with pneumonia. The girls of his class, and later the boys, have been remembering him with flowers.

Mr. O. H. Regensburg, '90, remembered his friends among the students by sending them boxes of nicely printed stationery.

The students recently voted to have an inter-classes tournament. A committee is making arrangements for it now.

Prof. Draper is teaching a class in book-keeping this term.

The other day at dinner some body moved that the students take part in the parade on Inaugural Day. But the "Full Dinner Pail Club" members who did so much to elect McKinley by going home to vote(?) seemed more interested in the "full dinner," consisting of corned beef, cabbage, etc., before them, than in parading. The motion was, however, declared passed, and Norris, '01, President of the Club, is to have charge of the arrangements.

Wys, '04, who left college in October last, returned during the week to rejoin his class. Friend, ex-'04, who went home last year on account of sickness, is also back. He takes up the studies of the Introductory year at the point where he dropped out last year.

Prof. Hotchkiss lectured to the students on Friday night, on the "Robin Hood Cycle of Literature." Mr. J. A. Tillinghast stopped over at the college on Sunday last, when on his way back to Cornell University from his home in North Carolina.

R. S. T.

## ST. LOUIS.

St. Thomas Mission services are now held at 11 A.M., on Sundays, in the Memorial House Chapel. As soon as the new heating arrangements in the Cathedral have been completed, the Mission will use the Bofingers chapel for all services. The Bible Class in charge of Miss Clara Steidemann meets at 10 A.M., and is in a flourishing condition. The Gallaudet Union has decided to give a dramatic entertainment some time in February. Mr. Charles Haig has been made Chairman of the Committee having the matter in charge, and will be assisted by Misses Herdman, Wooten and Rodenberger.

The following item from *The Republic* of recent date explains itself.

Miss Cornelia D. Bingham, chief instructor of the McCowan Oral School for the Deaf Children, at Chicago, was in St. Louis, yesterday. She visited the deaf-mute rooms of the Jefferson School and was greatly pleased with what she found. Miss Bingham stated that the public schools for deaf-mutes in St. Louis, are superior to any she has seen. In no other city has she found manual training given to boys and domestic science taught girls in public schools.

Miss Ota B. Crawford was in the city for a week recently, the guest of Mrs. J. H. Cloud. As she brought one more "grip" than she intended, but by a timely application of quinine, she was soon retired of her extra burden. It was her second visit to St. Louis, and all who had the pleasure of meeting her hope she will return soon and stay longer.

The matrons and maids of the "Birth Day Club" held forth last Tuesday, at the residence of Mrs. E. Harden, in Clifton Heights, in honor of her having reached the (?) th milestone. In view of the good time they had, they must secretly wish that milestones were closer together.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. A. Hammer, who were recently married at Rockford, Ill., have returned from their honeymoon, and will make their future home in the city. They were "at home" to their friends on New Year's evening, and many called to express their congratulations and best wishes.

The friends of Mr. Richard W. Giblin will regret to hear of his death, which occurred recently from pneumonia. He had not been enjoying his usual good health for some time, but his death was unexpected. He was educated at Fulton, and was a gentlemanly young man of a retiring disposition.

The only brother of Miss Augusta Kaiser died recently. Deaths have been numerous among her relatives during the past few years, and she has the sincere sympathy of a host of friends.

Mr. W. E. Guss has an offer of a position with a car building company at Elizabeth. He has not yet decided whether he will accept it or not, but probably will accept, as the works here where he has been employed have no orders and may remain closed indefinitely. If Mr. Guss is satisfied with his Eastern job, he will move his family there.

Miss Priscilla Freyberg has returned to Poughkeepsie, after two weeks pleasantly spent with Mr. and Mrs. A. Koffman in New York.

Mrs. A. V. Bergquist, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has been very sick for the past week, is now out of danger, but still very feeble. She has been attended by her devoted sister, Mrs. J. B. Herman, who expects to remain there for some time yet.

"American Traveller" desires to say that since the publication of his letter in the JOURNAL, he has learned that the question of bonds between Treasurer Heyer and President Friebec was settled satisfactorily, and that Mr. Heyer has qualified himself under \$200 bonds. All is well that ends well.

## CHICAGO.

"Red Hots" have arrived on scheduled time. Last week's issue informed that the "red hots" would be a great red letter day on the 12th. It was true. It was a surprise party at Prof. James E. Gallaher's residence. About twenty-five persons, gathered at the club room Saturday evening, January 12th, marched to the elevated station under the guidance of Benny Frank, for Mr. Gallaher's house. While waiting for a train, Mr. Frank at once jumped into a wrong car without a minute's thought, and the wise party did not follow his trail. However, he got off at the next station in order to meet his lost girl; hence being a poor guide he lost the leadership, and Mr. Wayman took the reins, who brought the party, loaded with a large supply of frankforts, safely to the above described house. "Look before you leap," Benny.

Mr. Gallaher was peacefully reading the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL while his better half mended his stocks.

Then the professor called her attention to the paragraph of "red hots" in the Chicago letter, and they were puzzled, and trying to solve the mystery. It was immediately answered by invasion of the rude party. It was a real surprise. Your reporter held a long string of biggest frankforts ever found in the stock yards on his burglar-proof cane, and had them hung before the host and hostess over the heads of the invaders. The house was surrendered to the leader without a fight. Our Reggy was given in charge of cooking, and he was a very good chef—so good that the people gobbled red hots all down. Many games were played, as usual. An interesting and amusing game of "questions and answers," the latter the abbreviations of different States. Illustrated—What is the most unhealthy state? Ans. Ill. What state represents proximity? Ans. N. Y. Which is the most maidently State? Ans. Miss. And so on.

Your reporter was asked not to send the following names, who helped in eating the red hots: Mesdames Gallaher, Hasenstab, Bowes, Dougherty, Sonneborn, La Motte, Left; Misses Wayman, Acheson, Gallaher, and Messrs. Gallaher, Hart, Wayman, Sonneborn, Dougherty, Colby, Regensburg, Des Rocher, Bowes, Frank, La Motte.

The Black Angel of Death came again to the house of Mr. Henry Gottschalg, brother to Mrs. Colby, in Joliet, and carried two more children away, and at this writing it is feared that the fourth is dying. Scarlet fever is the cause. Lost three within nine days!

Messrs. Gibson, Regensburg, Frank, Sonneborn and Kaufmann, were appointed to engineer a Century Ball this winter. The event sallied forth with the parting words: "Good-bye, I will be back in a few moments," for it was just twenty-six minutes past train time, and we intended returning home and then squaring ourself with the girls by writing that we *tried*, but could not "make it." Arrived at the depot, we found it crowded and the ticket window closed. Crossing to a restaurant, we asked as to trains. "Both trains are an hour and a quarter late. You have plenty of time," was our greeting, and we nearly fell in a heap. We were in for it, sure; so we drowned the cry of conscience which clamored of the unfinished tasks and of the morrow's work left to a neighbor. But not on the engine would we take our trip. Oh, no; we got our ticket and went in a coach, for with the train so late, we'd have no time to make any sort of toilet after arrival. The ride seemed shorter than usual, but it was half past ten when we reached our destination, —an hour and a half past the usual time. We were expected on an earlier train, so found no one to meet us, which exactly suited us, and straight to M—'s we hurried. M—herself answered the door-bell, and our warning "Hush!!" did not stop the cry of astonishment as she recognized us and pulled us into the brilliantly lighted hall. It was in vain, we begged to be hurried up stairs. "Smith!"

was the cry echoed from the left, and Henry's petite wife was upon us. Then we broke away and hastened up the stairway. Catching a glimpse of Henry at one of the card-tables in the back parlor, we could not resist the temptation to signal "fish!" which was the one sign, he knew, and was a relic of our fishing days. He quickly signalled back "fish!" and the signal was caught by the eyes that had looked in vain for us, and dashing her cards to the table, and so breaking up the game, the "sweetest girl of all" came flying up the stairs, ready to "pull us to pieces" for writing that we could not come, and then surprising her.

Depositing grip, hat, etc., in the room to which we were shown, we went down to greet the rest. The club (of which we are almost one), had grown until we found a number of strange faces about us—railroad magnates, doctors, lawyers, and such important personages, but we found them all very pleasant and congenial, and while we did not join in the game, (progressive cinque,) we had our full share of entertainment and enjoyment. The

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## A PIPE DREAM.

## AND ITS SEQUEL.

"Engineer J. said he would bring you down. \* \* \* Wish you could come down for the End of the Century party at M—s. We'll have a jolly good time, for it's a jolly crowd, and we'll finish up the century with fun and have a rousing time. Its the—club, and they can crowd move fun into an hour than one ordinarily has in a year. Do wish you could come. Can't you make it? \* \* \* M—has just read your letter and says will be to be sure and come. Will be at the train."

Was ever mortal so tempted? We folded up the perfumed pages and returned them to the envelope, looked the matter squarely in the face and tried to see a way to accept the invitation, then—"We dreamt a dream, with open eyes," and this is it:—

Yes, we'd board Engineer J.'s train, run down for the party, and be back before we could be missed or anything could come to grief from neglect, so there was really no such urgent reason for denying our friends and our *self* the great pleasure of the trip. True, we had a great deal to do, and wished it finished up with the closing century,—but then,

Since Eve's persuasive eloquence undid our father Adam, woman's coaxing has generally won. So upon the engine we clamber and find a seat with the jolly engineer who had insisted upon talking us down. Whew! how the telegraph poles whizz by, and how we wish the smoke were not quite so prodigal of attention to our quarters! Arriving at the station, down we clamber, slip around to the farther side of the depot and betake ourself with speed to our good friend Henry's, while the girls returned home by the usual route, scolding and pointing at our failure to come. Ha, ha! what fun to get ahead of them *just once*! Arrived at Henry's we have little time to lose. He and his wife are ready to start to the club affair, so we hastily wash—

Ha, ha! what fun to get ahead of them *just once*! Arrived at Henry's we have little time to lose. He and his wife are ready to start to the club affair, so we hastily wash—*scrub*—off the grime of our first trip on an engine, and donning our evening togs, join them, and soon we reach the palatial home of Mr. —, now brilliantly lighted up, and are smuggled in at a side door, shown to the dressing room *via* the back stairway, and soon divested of hat, gloves, and other outdoor paraphernalia. We slip down again by the same convenient stairway, are in the thick of the crowd again before we are recognized. Then!!!

But our dream did not thus materialize. In point of fact, we engaged a neighbor to attend to the "chores" in our absence, first doing all we could in our limited time, then we dressed for travel, put a few necessities into our grip, and sallied forth with the parting words: "Good-bye, I will be back in a few moments," for it was just twenty-six minutes past train time, and we intended returning home and then squaring ourself with the girls by writing that we *tried*, but could not "make it." Arrived at the depot, we found it crowded and the ticket window closed. Crossing to a restaurant, we asked as to trains. "Both trains are an hour and a quarter late. You have plenty of time," was our greeting, and we nearly fell in a heap. We were in for it, sure; so we drowned the cry of conscience which clamored of the unfinished tasks and of the morrow's work left to a neighbor. But not on the engine would we take our trip. Oh, no; we got our ticket and went in a coach, for with the train so late, we'd have no time to make any sort of toilet after arrival. The ride seemed shorter than usual, but it was half past ten when we reached our destination, —an hour and a half past the usual time. We were expected on an earlier train, so found no one to meet us, which exactly suited us, and straight to M—'s we hurried. M—herself answered the door-bell, and our warning "Hush!!" did not stop the cry of astonishment as she recognized us and pulled us into the brilliantly lighted hall. It was in vain, we begged to be hurried up stairs. "Smith!"

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mansion was most beautifully illuminated and decorated with garlands and bunches of holly and mistletoe. M— and her sister with their chosen assistants, were most delightful entertainers and we wished—ah! we *wished* that some of our deaf friends might have the benefit of that entertainment.

The elegance would be beyond the means of the great majority of the deaf, yet the *spirit*, the *essence* of good-feeling, of interest in each other, the utter lack of rivalry or any but generous and friendly impulses—these made the beauty of the scene independent of the luxury on all sides.

Parlor, drawing-room, music-room, and long dining-room, all were full, and all were helping to make the evening one of perfect enjoyment. We regret that the dawn of a new year found so much left undone that we meant to do, yet we do not regret making the trip which has given us a bright and beautiful picture to look back upon through all the coming years. We rejoice that we went.

We would that we might give just such an entertainment to all the JOURNAL correspondents, and see if we could not find similar congeniality among us.

But what a scattered band we are! Only at the meetings of the National Association can we hope for such a treat. May we all be there when the next meeting is called!

It was not the luxury of the surroundings, but the congeniality, the grace without effort, the *genuineness* and cordiality of each and all there; that made that evening like an evening in a new and delightful country.

Luncheon was served at midnight, and New Year and New Century greetings exchanged. Before we sat down to lunch, trays were passed to the gentlemen and ladies in turn, from which each selected a card, and the gentlemen were told to find their *Kales* for luncheon.

We brought our card home. It reads, "Kate is concerned in financial and industrial projects," and the "Kate" which answered the description was "Syndicate." Henry drew, "Confiscate" for his partner, etc. While seated at luncheon, dainty hand-drawn souvenirs were passed, on which were prophecies of events to be in the Twentieth Century.

We were promised a trip to some of the most noted of the capitals of Europe in an air-ship.

Other card were passed, bearing quaint saws and proverbs, and we were expected to read, keep mum, and when called upon, draw an illustration of the proverb upon a blackboard provided for the occasion. Great amusement resulted from the attempts at illustration. A portly division superintendent of a great railway was grieved about his attempt at portraying "Other fish to fry," until he gravely wrote above the picture he was drawing, "These are fish."

Some good illustrations were drawn from: "Time and tide wait for no man," "If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain," "Little pitchers have big ears," "Small pots soon boil," "Tell the truth and shame the devil," etc., etc.

The company was to guess the proverb on the illustrator's card from the drawing.

The new century was two hours old before we finally broke up. New Year's Day was spent in calling and receiving calls, in feasting, and such talk as friends long-separated always indulge in.

The next day we returned to our "ain firsede,"—and, Oh!

Yet we should not complain at our different surroundings, for we chose our lot, voluntarily, and our prospects, thank Heaven, are exceedingly bright and good; but to leave a circle of old and dear friends, wherein we find that perfect congeniality which satisfies our soul, and to return to country life, where all is monotonous and the people of indifferent mental attainments—well it is different, and by and by, we may yield to the temptation to sell out and seek more congenial society, though the country itself is all right.

We laughed over Ritter's reply to Dr. Bell's circular. He left no doubt as to where he stood on the oral question.

We filled out the blanks and returned the envelope to the postmaster without leaving the post-office, and do not remember exactly what we did reply, but know we endeavored to give the oralists plainly to understand that we are not "restored" to society, but have always been strictly "in it," and in no wise owe that fact to oral training. We gave our source of education as the public school, seminary, and school for the deaf, *combined* method, and assured the worthy enquirers that we were simply one of the people—would take more than deafness to take us away from the circles in which we have always moved and always been sought. What, in heaven's name, should take a deaf person out of society, if he have wit enough to understand and be understood by those he sees every day?

We earnestly hope that the new century will see the deaf everywhere advanced in every way possible,

and that the time will soon arrive when they will no longer be regarded as curiosities and "freaks" by the public at large; and the best way to bring this about, it seems to us, is just to go easily and naturally among them, constantly, and let them see that we are no more different from them than are people with glass eyes, false teeth or wooden limbs; that, in fact, the seat of intellect is the brain, not the ears.

And now a right Happy New Year to all JOURNAL readers, friends, critics, strangers, every body!

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SMITH.

## Syracuse Items.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's service was very well attended. Several of the out of town mutes who attended it were never seen around here before.

Mr. Styles Woodworth, of Fulton, N. Y., was here recently spending his holiday vacation with his married sister. He is doing very well in a knife factory in that town.

Little Roderick and May Brown and Carl Ailing, were spending the holidays with their parents. They have returned to school at Rome.

Miss McGowan was also in town, but little was seen of her.

Thomas Brenner, while trying to cross a track on his wheel, met with an accident. The car knocked him out by the rear wheel. He got a good number of scratches on his face, but was not hurt any other way.

The deaf-mute men here organized a club for their own benefit. They have done very well. A ball is going to be held on the 24th inst. Several beautiful prizes have already been secured for the occasion.

Every ticket is entitled to a chance for a prize. The selected Hall, which is on Onondaga Street, corner of South Salina, is one of the finest halls in the city. The committee, John Geary, E. T. Murphy and E. A. Brown, are doing their utmost to make it a success. Come one, Come all.

STAR POINTER.

Jan. 7, 1901.

## New Wax Groups at the Eden Musee.

Hardly a day passes that the Eden Musee does not make some addition to its large collection of wax groups and figures. Several groups of more than usual artistic merit have just been added. One represents a careless Butcher's Boy. While delivering meat he becomes interested in an advertisement of the Musee.

While he is thus occupied a hungry dog prys open his basket and is stealing a large steak. Another group shows a woman explaining a photograph to her little daughter. It is a real photograph in operation and the little girl is much interested. Several spectators are enjoying the scene. Still another group is that of a little newsboy disposing of his papers. All of the groups are charmingly artistic and examples of the best work that can be produced in wax. Among the other groups in the Musee there have been many changes and additions. New costumes have been added to replace the summer costumes, and the figures all look comfortable. By long and continued effort the Musee has become a great center for moving pictures



## NEW YORK.

### Now for the Athletic Club Ball.

### SANDBAGGED AND ROBBED

#### News of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Next Wednesday evening the Deaf-mute Athletic Club ball will occur. The hall wherein it is to be held is a good one, and also a new one. The committee has worked with the en in view of giving all its patrons an evening of enjoyment, and we are sure the affair will prove all that is expected. The deaf have few opportunities for pleasant recreation. They are shut out, by reason of their affliction, from nearly every scheme to brighten life and brush away the worry and care which comes to all in fighting life's battle. It is true the deaf can appreciate, to a certain extent, certain forms of diversion offered by the theatres; but nine-tenths of the elevating and inspiring part is lost to them. The charms of music and the thrilling effects of elocution can never be experienced by them. Only the movements of the actors, the vivid motions and gestures and poses, can be fully appreciated—in fact, far more animate of soul and meaning are they to the deaf than to the hearing. On occasions such as is offered next Wednesday, it is reasonable to expect that a large majority will embrace the opportunity to have a royal good time. The various clubs and societies should combine to make every such affair successful. We hope to see all of them well represented at the coming ball on the 23d.

Timothy P. Connell writes to the JOURNAL for the Xavier Deaf-Mute Baseball Club. He says they will elect a President, Manager, Secretary, Mascot and Captain, next month. The Xaviers will have their new uniforms. The names of the players who will play for the next season are as follows: T. Hamilton, F. Valley, A. Turner, T. P. Connell, J. O'Grady, J. Ryan, J. Kenny, P. Manning, and J. Little (the Quaker man). P. Connell would like to hear from the three deaf-mute players, must be first-class players and hitters, for the Xaviers of Greater New York. Please write to Timothy P. Connell, Mills Hotel No. 2, 16 Rivington Street, New York City. The Xavier Deaf-Mute Club may play for the Championship of Greater New York with the Oaklands (deaf-mutes of West Chester, N. Y.). Some years ago the Oaklands won every game and lost none. The Xavier Deaf-Mute Club would like to challenge the deaf-mute clubs in Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Columbus, O. Gallaudet College, etc.

The recently elected officers of the Brooklyn Guild were installed last Thursday evening. Several applicants for membership were favorably reported and acted upon, among others who joined the society were Mrs. John H. Dunlap, the Misses Bell and Willette, and Mr. James Darney. The Committee on Entertainments announced that Walter B. Peet, M.D., would deliver a lecture at the Guild's room on the evening of January 31st next. His subject will be "First Aid to the Injured." It is one that should interest all who "ride the wheel," foot and hand ball players, base-ball cranks, golf players—in fact, all who take part in athletic sports, as a knowledge of what to do before a doctor can be had, in case of accident, may save life and limb. Dr. Peet was brought up with the deaf and understands the sign language to perfection. He will make his subject, which perhaps appears a dry one, interesting, instructive and amusing.

Herman Heerd was sandbagged and robbed of five dollars and his watch, on returning from the ball of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, on Saturday, January 5th. He was found unconscious and taken to a hospital, where his folks found him on the following Monday.

Some time ago Morris Hanneman became insane, and was sent to Ward's Island. Last Saturday word came that he was dead, and the remains had been removed to the Morgue on East 26th Street. He was buried the next day, Sunday, January 13th.

Harry Zerovitch is again in New York. He says the climate of the "Hub" made him feel sad, so he came to Gotham, where his friends and relatives live. He proposes going to work at once, to which purpose we lend the most hearty encouragement.

Alex. L. Pach, and Vincent and Alma, went to Red Bank last Sunday, for a visit to the Pach homestead. Mr. Pach reports his brother, Mortimer, quite sick, but not dangerously so. Many of New York's deaf remember "Mortie," and wish him a speedy recovery.

Last week there was a pleasant social gathering at the home of Miss Martha Jaycox. Among those present were Miss Katie Elsworth, Messrs. Dickerson and Hummer, of Newark, and Mr. and Mrs. Rose. A collation was served, and the party broke up at midnight.

Mrs. John A. Dunlap gave a grand dinner and supper, on New Year's, to a select number of deaf-mute friends. Mrs. Dunlap is now under the doctor's care. She is suffering with the prevailing ailment—the Grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Valles, of Greenpoint, lost their little baby boy in November. They have the sympathy of a host of friends. Mrs. Valles was formerly Miss Maria Robinson.

## BALTIMORE, MD.

Baltimore was vociferous in her welcome to the Twentieth Century. The parade of the afternoon was successful in every respect and worthy an extraordinary occasion. The illumination downtown, the fireworks display uptown, and the official receptions in the various public buildings, sufficed to entertain the multitude, which thronged the thoroughfares waiting for the clocks to mark off the hour of translation from one cycle of a hundred years into another. Some of the deaf-mutes gathered at the acreage of Mount Royal Plaza to see one of the most brilliant displays of fireworks known in the history of the town. Blazing pictures of Old Fort McHenry and portraits of the Governor and Mayor, and others of note, were seen plainly, especially our Mayor. The great framework, in an instant, was coated with flame and in another moment the features of Mayor Hayes, admirably portrayed with sharp accent on the imposing mustache, loomed out against a background of darkness and a cheer swept over the crowd. Bombs and rockets followed, interspersing a Christmas tree that showed all the colors of the rainbow and proved a veritable mine of stars. A formal farewell to the old century and greeting to the new was the chief of the set pieces, and was particularly beautiful. The lavish and long to be remembered display closed with a brilliant good night, and the crowd broke, and was soon on the way to the scenes of other enjoyment.

Tom Sharkey, who has been suffering with a "cauliflower" ear, his hearing is threatened and he is afraid that he will become deaf if he does not attend to the ear. He expects to undergo a painful operation. Papers say that he prefers to be blind than to be deaf.

Last Wednesday the holidays for the pupils came to a close—all too soon for them. The pupils took the B. O. R. R. for Frederick, where they will stay till next summer. They reported having a splendid time at their homes.

Mr. Harry Benson, foreman of printing office at Maryland School, was a great traveler during the holidays. His visit to places were: Baltimore, Yeohio, Washington, D. C., Rockville, Germantown (the best place he says), and then he came back to Baltimore, in time to help Prof. Chas. W. Ely take charge of the pupils on the way to Frederick.

Mrs. Ella Tschieffly is full of projects of going to Centerville, to spend a few days with Mrs. Trundle, nee Miss Chambers, this week.

Baltimore has a great deal of grip nowadays. Some of the deaf-mutes are sick with the dreaded grip. Mrs. G. Leitner was scared to her bed-room last week when she was taken with the grip, and is now on the road to recovery. Miss Annie Barry is sick with the grip.

Rev. O. J. Whildin will move his family to the centre part of Baltimore this week. They will live on Hopkins Place, near Schroder Street.

The Grace Church Record is out now. One of the items will be picked out for the Baltimore news column in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. It runs: "The Deacon in charge (Rev. O. J. Whildin) saw much at All Souls' that might gladden the heart of any missionary to the deaf. The church was beautifully lighted and every part of the richly decorated chancel were memorials of departed worshippers—silent children of God. In truth the whole effect of the beautiful combination of altar hangings, mural decorations and stained windows, was of such a character to raise the mind and heart of the people from the worship on earth to the worship in heaven."

About one hundred deaf-mutes and a few hearing friends attended the service, following which there was a Bible Class meeting with four teachers and over four hundred students. All Souls' Church is doing a great and good work for the deaf of Philadelphia, of whom there are over fifteen hundred in the city and its suburbs. Four

hundred is the number on the communicated list of 'All Souls'. The Roman Catholic Church is the only other religious body in Philadelphia with a similar mission to 'All Souls'. The other churches recognize that more good can be done by one than by many and conflicting missions, and so have given All Souls' hearty support. How we wish it were so in our own city. Three missions, (Episcopal, Roman Catholic and Methodist Episcopal) for less than three hundred deaf-mutes! This is the situation in Baltimore. Would that it were otherwise, that unity, the great desire of the different religious bodies of to-day, might find fulfillment among the little band of three hundred silent people among us.

Mr. Theodore Fowble called on ye scribe last Wednesday, and informed him that he would like to continue taking the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Mr. John Cadden is very sick with consumption, and his mother is sick, too.

Miss Zorbaugh was seen at M. E. Church to-day. She used to teach at Kansas School for the Deaf. She says that she has deaf parents living in New York. She recently paid a flying visit to Maryland School for the Deaf, at Frederick, and spoke highly of it. MYRTLE

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

It is pleasing to record the general prosperity of the deaf in the Southern metropolis of California. They celebrated Gallaudet's birthday in a social and happy manner at Mr. T. Widd's residence, and brought the business to a close with a very sumptuous supper. Christmas day and New Year's day came and went with the usual sunny, warm weather, and abundance of flowers such as are only seen in the East in midsummer.

With the advent of the so-called winter (here) came many deaf persons to spend the season, like thousands of others. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kerney, of Indianapolis, better known as the originator and manager of "Once a Week," who has been helping Mr. T. Widd, the lay-reader to the deaf, in his mission work. They have been the means of creating a sort of revival at the services. Mr. Kerney is delighted with Los Angeles, and is doing all he can to help the deaf to obtain a church for themselves. He expects to again issue "Once a Week," if his people will permit. Mrs. E. Andrews and her daughter, and Mrs. Buchanan, of Chicago, are two others who are in Los Angeles for the winter. These two Christian ladies are well known in Chicago for their labors on behalf of the deaf. They are doing similar work here by helping Mr. Widd at his services.

Mrs. Buchanan has just gone to San Diego for a brief visit. Mr. and Mrs. Leininger, of St. Louis, Mr. O. Smith, of Boston, Mass. and Mr. Stroud of North Carolina, are also in Los Angeles, as permanent residents. Mr. and Mrs. Murray, of Salt Lake City, have also removed to Los Angeles. The two latter are intelligent deaf-mutes who have never been at a school for the deaf. Several other deaf-mutes have, the writer understands, come to Los Angeles or its suburbs, but whose names he fails to learn.

The Tournament and Battle of Roses on New Year's day, was witnessed by most of the deaf. An attack of the gripe prevented the writer being present. There is no place on this earth where we can elude his merciless grip!

The Bishop of Los Angeles has appointed Mr. T. Widd Secretary of the Bible and Prayer Union (branch) for the Pacific Coast. This is an excellent Union for the deaf as well as for the hearing people. A card of membership containing objects, name of the member and the list of chapters to be read in 1901, by each daily, is issued for five cents. By this means nearly a million readers of the Bible are secured in all parts of the world, of all color, race or creed.

Thus the deaf of Angeles have begun the new century well. Christ and the Bible should be the motto of the deaf as well as the hearing in all lands. Many of the deaf of Los Angeles are members of the Bible and Prayer Union. Cards and desired information can be obtained from the Secretary, T. Widd, 1527 W. 23d St., Los Angeles, on receipt of five cents.

## PHILOCOPHUS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Jan., 4 1901.

## From Danville, Pa.

Mr. Saylor, of Bellefonte, Pa., was brought to the Danville Insane Asylum. He is about 35 years of age, and was educated at the old Philadelphia (Broad Street) Institution.

Miss Maggie Treas, of Danville, Pa., left for Johnstown, Pa., before Christmas, to attend the funeral of her nephew. She returned home, last Thursday, and is doing well as a dressmaker.

Mr. Geo. Baker and wife, of Berwick, Pa., returned home two weeks ago, from Philadelphia. They enjoyed their visit very well, during Christmas.

## OHIO.

### The Deaf World Leaves Columbus.

#### HOW TO SPEND MILLIONS.

#### Others Matters.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

As intimated last week, the rumor that the *Deaf World* was to remove to Indiana proved true. Last week's issue of the paper, which did not appear until the middle of this week, gives the following announcement.

This is the last issue of *The Deaf World* that will appear from Columbus, Ohio. Being convinced of the superior business advantages offered by Indianapolis, Indiana, we have decided to forthwith, remove the plant of *The World* to that city. To do this, without undue expense, will require some time. Hence we have decided to suspend publication until the removal and installation in our new quarters is completed, which may require from thirty to sixty days, depends upon circumstances. But when we renew publication it will be in an enlarged form and all our subscribers who have paid up will have their subscriptions advanced to conform with the lapse, whether it be thirty or sixty days, so they will lose nothing.

Meanwhile, we bespeak the patience of our subscribers, being assured that this move is both to their and our own advantage. ED. I. HOLYCROSS.

Among the inducements offered for the removal of the paper to Indianapolis is an offer of one thousand subscribers from that State. That is the talk. Wonder where they come from? Shades of the *Once-a-Week*! If the Hoosiers couldn't support, financially, a paper of such high character, edited and owned by one of their own sons, is it likely they will extend it to an importation? To a stranger? But we doubt the wisdom of the change. It may extend the life of the paper a little longer, if it really appears again. But it will eventually collapse sooner or later. The truth might as well be known now, and thus innocent parties saved from loss in the way of subscription money. Wiser heads advised against the starting of the paper, but their advice was not heeded. The owner has sacrificed a good paying position on its altar, and the deaf of Ohio are blamed for not giving it better support.

A good many took the paper for the first year, but after the novelty of the thing passed off, responses were not as prompt, and that has been the death-knell of has been Independent papers for the deaf. The patrons of the papers are promised a larger sheet when it reappears from its new quarters, in the course of a month or two. Indianapolis is a half day's ride from Columbus. The fixtures of the office are not large and numerous and could be loaded up and moved over in 24 hours. Why such a long suspension? By the time the paper reappears its readers about will have forgotten that such a paper ever was in existence.

Some time ago reference was made in this column to the daughter of Mr. Rockefeller, whose hearing had been restored by an eminent doctor of Europe. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, she noted writer and poetess, in a late article, gives the rich people some advice as to what they should do with their wealth. This is what she advises Mr. Rockefeller to do with his millions:

It is said that Mr. Rockefeller has had the great blessing of being able to restore to some degree his daughter's hearing by a most wonderful experiment of science.

If this report is true, then I want to propose a beautiful charity for Mr. Rockefeller.

Instead of building a church or endowing a library, or giving to public institutions, how delightful it would be to have placed 200 deaf people every year of his life under this same treatment which has benefited his daughter.

What a noble expression of gratitude to God that would be for the happiness which his daughter's restored hearing must bring him.

The Columbus Advance Society will give a grand dance in the girls' recreation of the Institution on the evening of January 22d. The admission will be 25 cents, and the proceeds go to the Home.

The Boys' Reading room has been closed up for some time, as the painters had it in charge. The room has undergone a transformation, and is now a very pleasant place to while away spare time reading, as the result of the painter's brush. It is soon to have electric lights placed in it, and that will afford better facilities for reading these dark days.

Miss Potter, an Ohio State Journal reporter, visited the Institution one day last week and paid special attention to the Art Studio. On Sunday she had an article in the paper, in which she gave a sketch of the studio and commented very favorably upon the deaf as artists.

Samuel Hutton has been heard from again. Last Saturday one of the pupils here, Lorenzo Young, received a letter stating that Sam was laid up in the hospital from a bullet wound in the calf of the leg, which some Chinese Boxer had sent there.

Mr. Herman Ness and Miss Ida Tank, both former pupils here, were married in Toledo last week.

Mrs. Sarah Willing, who early in the Spring ceased her work in the bindery to keep house for her brother in Zanesville, is back in her place. Reason—her brother got married again.

Another addition is Miss Kate Harrison, who since June had been working for Mr. and Mrs. John Lynn. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barde have moved to 671 Oak Street, and have with them as boarders Misses Minnie Foster, Katie Harrison and Mrs. Wait.

The mother of Miss Clara Winton died last week. Miss Winton was a student of Gallaudet for several years and had to relinquish her studies on account of her mother's health.

Mr. W. H. Zorn was recently up at Sandusky, looking after some improvements to be made on his boat. While there he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis. The latter has now gone into the boat building business. His is the only shop of its kind in the city and he has already filled out several orders. He is also studying photography, so as to be prepared to "take" his boats and send pictures of them to parties who may desire to invest in water craft.

Jan 12, 1901. A. B. G.

## WYOMING VALLEY.

Miss Mamie Hilbert, of Lopez, Pa., was at Mr. and Mrs. J. Byron's last week, and stayed for two days. Miss Hilbert said Mr. J. Barth's uncle and aunt moved away from Lopez to Portland Mills, Pa.

Miss Josephine Reese, of Plymouth, and Jennie King, of Philadelphia, were at Mr. and Mrs. James Byron's, as also Misses Edith and Carrie Evans and John Barth, last week. Mr. Barth took Misses Reese and King home, and on returning he almost lost the last street car.

Miss Jennie King was the guest of Miss Josephine Reese for two weeks. She has returned to Mt. Airy.

Mr. John Barth was at Plymouth on a visit to Mr. Frank Gorton, last week.

Mrs. Harry Pethicks, of Wilkes Barre, visited her father at Scranton, on Christmas Day, returning home in the evening.

Misses Lizzie Swartz and A. Gilman, of Carbondale, Pa., called on Mr. and Mrs. H. Wirth on Christmas Day, and then visited Mr. and Mrs. J. Byron.

Mr. John McCoy visited Mr. and Mrs. J. Byron last Sunday evening.

Mr. John Barth was at Pittston on important business.

Mr. Wm. Stone was at Wilkes Barre, and also William Morgan and John McDonough, of Scranton, on Christmas Day.

Mr. D. Sullivan, formerly of New York, came from Philadelphia to see Mr. and Mrs. John Reilly, of Port Blanchard, Pa., on New Years. He has returned to Philadelphia.

There was a quiet party at Mr. and Mrs. J. Reilly's, on New Year's. The deaf-mutes were from New York, Philadelphia, Scranton, Wilkes Barre, Pittston, Carbondale, Barth City, and nearby towns. They had a very good time.

Tracy Learn is working for the Pennsylvania Coal Company with John Reilly, at Port Blanchard, Pa. Mr. Learn said that he had no work on the farm at Ransom.

Wm. Stone, of Taylor, visited Miss Lizzie Brown, at Barth City, last Wednesday, and then went to Wilkes Barre for one week.

J. H. B.

## SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

JANUARY 26TH, SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

Trinity Church, Newark. Holy Communion.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester.

A meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers will be held in the Guild room of St. Ann's Church, Thursday, January 24th, at 8 P.M.

## COL. TEDDY ROOSEVELT AS A HERO.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Vice-President-elect of the United States, whose career has been of an adventurous and stirring character, is a pleasing subject for the writer of fiction. In a recent issue of the NEW GOLDEN HOURS, a weekly periodical for boys, published at 24 Vandewater Street, New York City, this story is running in serial form. "Teddy Roosevelt's Progress," or "The Prince of the Boys in the Bad Lands." In the story the author, Will Lisenben, treats the famous hero of San Juan Hill in a sensational and attractive way. At all times "Teddy," as he is familiarly called, proves equal to the most dangerous and trying situations. His adventures in Cuba at the head of the Rough Riders are graphically told, and he carries out all that the youthful, or more mature for that matter, mind can paint him.

Terry McGovern, also known as "Terrible Terry," the strongest boy boxer in the world, has written a boys' story for NEW GOLDEN HOURS entitled "The Bowery After Dark." In Pursuit of New York's Great Criminal. "This is a true story of a detective life in the great metropolis."

A FREE sample of No. 675, containing the opening chapters of "Teddy Roosevelt's Progress," or "The Bowery After Dark," will be sent upon application. MUNRO'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, 24 and 26 Vandewater Street, New York.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### Miss Marshall Read "Richard Carvel."

#### A BLIND DEAF-MUTE NATURALIZED.

#### Paragraphs of Intaeat.

News Items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The chilly, disagreeable wet weather of Thursday, January 10th., made many fear that the meeting of the Clerc Literary Association in the evening would be slimly attended. However, Miss Deborah Hoyt Marshall, of Port Chester, N. Y., who was announced to appear before the Association on the evening, proved a greater attraction than the managers had supposed. There were a hundred or more in attendance, which is considered a very good number for a bad night. It was Miss Marshall's first appearance and the greeting she received must have been gratifying.

After President King had called the meeting to order, Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett, introduced Miss Marshall in a neat little speech, in which he referred to the fact that Miss Marshall's father a former resident here, had served the Association twice as President and thrice as Secretary. Before commencing her reading, Miss Marshall said that her parents desired to be remembered to their Philadelphia friends and that she was pleased to meet them also. She then delivered "Richard Carvel," an interesting Revolutionary story.

Her delivery, while characteristic of her sex, was yet extremely clear and methodical. A noteworthy fact was that she brought out all the delicate and refined parts of the story as faithfully as time would permit, and she consumed an hour and a half in the effort. At the conclusion, she was given hearty applause and a vote of thanks.

By request, she appeared on the platform again and recited "John Gilpin's Ride," which was much appreciated for its humor; and, as a final encore, she rendered "Yankee Doodle" in her own style, which only made the audience wish for more.

This was one of the most entertaining literary meetings which the Association has had for a year, and we hope that we may have the like more frequently in future.

The following clipping from the *Inquirer*, of last week, may be of some interest. We know of several deaf-mutes who have found it much harder to get naturalized than it did this worse afflicted man.

"Joseph Symphonson, who is deaf, dumb and blind, easily convinced Judge Dallas, in the United States Circuit Court yesterday, that he had read the Constitution of the United States and understood it better than many of the applicants for citizenship who were before the Naturalization Court. The latter answered that he had read the Constitution and is the first man so afflicted to be made a citizen in the United States Courts in this city."

Symphonson is a young Englishman. He is an inmate of the Blind Men's Home, in Lancaster avenue. When called before the Court yesterday Symphonson was accompanied by Theodore Gordon, an interpreter. Judge Dallas asked how the man would be able to understand the question put to him. Interpreter Gordon answered that Symphonson has mastered the art of muscle reading, and that he could instantly read any sign that Gordon made with his hands by placing his fingers on the wrist of Gordon.

The clerk asked the usual questions, and when interpreted them to Symphonson. The latter answered that he had read the Constitution in blind type, and quickly and promptly and satisfactorily. The Court did not prolong the examination but ordered Symphonson to be admitted to full citizenship.

The person named in the following clipping, which a friend handed us, is simply hard of hearing and not known to the deaf. It may, however, serve as warning to all of us, hence we present it:—

Aged and deaf, Mrs. Emma Fox, of Thoroughfare, M. J., was run down by a trolley car at Front and Federal street, Camden, yesterday. Mrs. Fox attempted to cross the tracks just as the car approached and the crossing. Her face was turned in an opposite direction and she evidently did not hear it. Bystanders rushed to the spot, expecting to find the woman mangled to death, but it was found that the wheels had not touched her, her injuries being confined to severe contusions and abrasions. She was removed to Cooper Hospital.

A delightful euchre party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Sanders, in Mt. Airy, on Saturday evening, 12th. Those present besides the host and hostess were Misses D. H. Marshall and Gertrude Parker, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Ziegler, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Mr. John B. O'Rourke, of Mass., and Mr. J. A. McElvaine.

Miss Eva May Foster, of Harrisburg, is a visitor here.

Mrs. Emma Dolbrow, of New Jersey, is visiting her sister here.

John B. O'Rourke, of Haverhill, Mass., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sanders for a few days last week. From here he went to Washington, D. C. He returns in about a week on his way home.

During her stay here, Miss Marshall has been the guest of both Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and Mr. and Mrs. Stevens.

Rev. Mr. Koehler is fighting off the "grip" at present. Owing to it, he did not take duty at All

Souls', on Sunday afternoon, the Lay-Reader taking his place.

From present appearances, the entertainment, that is to be given in All Souls' Hall on February 14th, will be an enjoyable one. It will consist of about a half dozen one-act plays in pantomime. There will be plenty of humor for the lovers of fun, and those who get disagreeable valentines during the day may find mental comfort at this entertainment.

We had the pleasure recently of inspecting a large silk "crazy" quilt, made by Miss Mary E. Taylor, which struck us as a real beauty. Some of her friends think it ought to be worth at least \$25. It is not the ordinary kind.

Miss Dora Kintzel, also showed us a number of daintily made pillow covers, which represent her own work and show a high degree of skill.

The deaf-mutes who work for John B. Stetson & Co., hat manufacturers, fared well as usual this Christmas in the presents received from the firm. John Roach received twenty dollars in gold; Edward Metzel, five dollars; Wm. A. Miles and Joseph Mayer, Jr., each a large turkey.

Hurry Smith is seriously thinking of leaving this city, going to Anthony, Harper County, Kansas, where an old friend of his is the owner of a large cattle ranch. Laborers are very scarce in that State during the harvest season, and inexperienced men make \$3.50 per day, while those who have had experience make \$5 per day. Mr. Smith expects to be a cattle herder.

Mrs. John M. Wismer's uncle died at his home in Lansdale, Pa., last Thursday. Mr. Wismer is Assistant Superintendent of All Souls' Bible Class, and both he and his wife have our sympathy.

## The Deaf-Mutes Hear.

The deaf-mutes enjoyed an interesting and instructive service at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral (Episcopal) yesterday afternoon. There was the largest audience of this class within the memory of the oldest members. There are 130 deaf-mutes in Los Angeles. Mrs. E. Andrews of Chicago, Ill., and Prof. Charles Kerney of Indianapolis, Ind., helped Thomas Widd with a poetical and literary programme. Prof. Kerney's oratorical power makes him popular among the people. A few words from his paper will interest the public:

"To look upon everything constantly in a fault-finding and prejudiced spirit is the dirtiest work imaginable. Where is heaven? Where is hell? They are everywhere. They will be separated on the Judgment day. There is no hell till we are wicked; there is no heaven till we live according to Christ's teachings. Pay no attention to slanders or gossip-mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their backbiting die the death of neglect. Life is too short to brood over the remark of a false friend. If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptation. Forget the fault-finding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels, or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and constant thought of the acts of meanness makes you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable."—Los Angeles Times, Jan 1.

## STRUCK BY AN ENGINE.

Nicholas Jacoby, a deaf and dumb man, was struck by the passenger train on the Crabtree branch and almost instantly killed at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Jacoby was employed by Adam Schuck, a farmer of that vicinity. He had been up on the hill, across the railroad, and was coming home when the accident occurred. He was walking along by the side of the railroad track, but was not far enough away when he was struck by the pilot of the engine and hurled some distance. He was badly bruised internally, and death ensued in a little over half an hour.

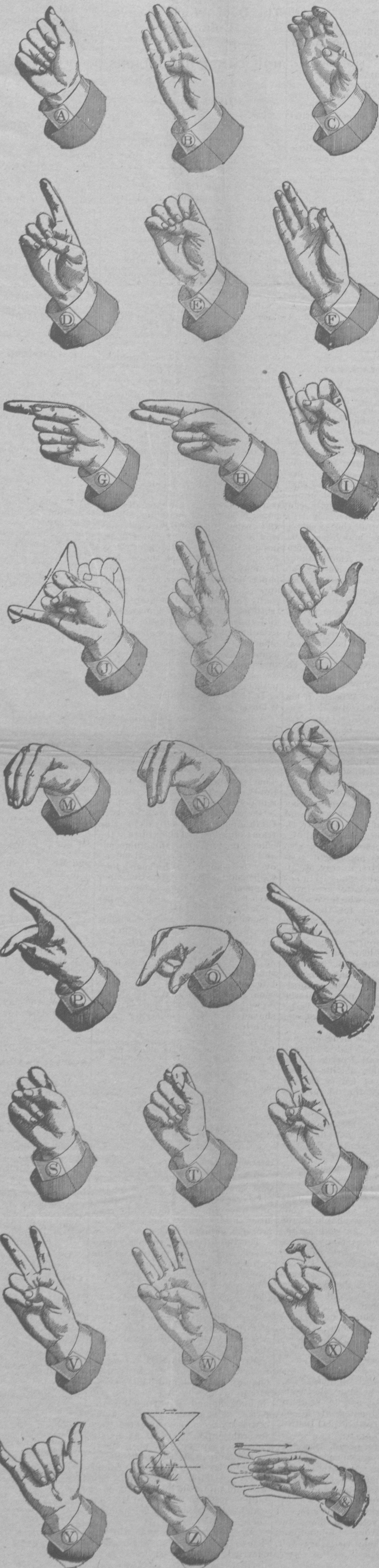
The deceased was 50 years of age. This was the second accident in which he was injured. Some 8 or 10 years ago he was struck in much the same manner.

Mr. Jacoby, familiarly known as "Deafy Schuck," was in the employ of Mr. Schuck for over 20 years. He was a faithful workman, and was well liked not only by his employer but the neighbors as well.

The deceased has a sister living somewhere in the South side Pittsburgh, but no one here seems to know just where. It is hoped by his friends that she will learn of his sad death.—Greensburg, Pa., Tribune-Herald, Jan. 12.



## American Manual Alphabet.



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## MASQUERADE BALL

OF THE

## League of Elect Surds

Saturday Evening, February 2, 1901.

AT

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Saturday Evening,  
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The undefeated

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Turn to the left and walk one block south.  
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PAUL KEES. CHAS. T. HUMMER.  
GUS. MATZART. MORTEN MOSES.